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MEMORIAL

OF

CYRUS W. HARVEY.

PHILADELPHIA:
FRIENDS' BOOK STORE, No. 304 ARCH STREET.

1918.

Wm. H. Pile's Sons, Printers.

PREFACE.

In presenting to the eyes of the public a few of the many testimonies concerning "our departed worthies in the Truth," desires have doubtless been in the minds of the writers that those who read might profit by the experiences given forth.

While we dare not eulogize beyond merit, we are fully persuaded that these ministers in the Society of Friends, whose memories we hold dear, endeavored humbly to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith they were called, proving by their exemplary lives and conversations that they were seeking a better inheritance, "a city which had foundations, whose builder and maker was God," of whom it could be truthfully said, "God was not ashamed to be called their God, for He had prepared for them a city."

Having this confidence therefore, we feel free to gather up a few of the fragments which remain and hand them forth, not only for the benefit of those now living, but with a concern also that the influence for good scattered widely over our land by these faithful servants of the Lord may continue to live throughout generations yet to follow.

Without unnecessary remarks, we would refer the reader to the ensuing pages, being assured that by careful persual therein the thoughtful mind will readily learn to prize the privilege of becoming acquainted with the lives of those "who even though being dead yet speaketh."

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MEMORIAL.

A Testimony of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Rich Square, N. C., Concerning CYRUS W. HARVEY.

Although the subject of this Memoir was a member of our meeting but about three years, we had long known him through his several visits to and labors in the ministry of the Gospel amongst us, and also through his extensive writings in defence of the distinguishing Principles of the Society of Friends; and we did esteem him a Prince in Israel.

As we seek to preserve, for the help of others, some of his experiences, some of his struggles and victories, we are deeply conscious that it was by the grace of God he was what he was, and that to God alone the praise is due.

He was the eldest of the eleven children of Jesse and Lydia Overman Harvey, and was born in Grant County, Indiana, Tenth Month 30, 1843.

It appears that from infancy he was somewhat remarkable, for when he was but about two weeks old his grandfather Overman took him in his arms and sat some time in silent meditation, after which he said to the young parents, "This is no ordinary child. I want you to take good care of him. I shouldn't wonder if he becomes a minister of the Gospel."

From the start he was strong and active in both body and mind; and in very early years showed unusual

ability at climbing, running, swimming and getting into numerous kinds of boyish mischief; and was sure to be the leader and favorite of his playmates.

His mental development kept pace with his physical. He had no recollection of *when* or *how* he learned to read, but clearly remembered that, when he was about four years old, he and his brother next in age were left at home one day while their parents went to meeting, and that after they had become tired of amusing themselves by looking at the pictures in a beginner's book, he *read* some of the short sentences in it to his little brother. When his parents heard about this they were greatly surprised, as they hadn't attempted to teach him to read. That night his father gave him his *first* reading lesson when he found, to his great astonishment, that his little son could read *many* sentences, but couldn't explain *how* he had *learned* to do it.

Cyrus said, "By the time I was nine years old, I had read nearly all the books in my father's library, including Barclay's Apology, and had begun to think seriously about *how* I was to get an education. Out of the little moneys I earned at chores for other people, I managed to buy a few books. These were the beginning of my library."

At the age of twelve he went to live at his grandfather Harvey's, to do farm work for an uncle. Here he was put at heavy ploughing, so was obliged to give his team frequent rests. During those rest periods he vigorously pursued his studies, entirely doing advanced algebra that Summer, thus preparing himself for geometry, when school opened the following

Winter. A brother of his writes, "Mathematics was his specialty. He seemed to almost know it by intuition."

When about eighteen, he had the long-hoped for opportunity of entering Earlham. In spite of the fact that his best suit of clothes was grey woolen jeans, made by the hands of his loving mother, he eagerly embraced the opportunity. Earlham was then but a boarding school, and offered fewer advantages than it now offers. Cyrus was pretty well advanced, so, by doubling on all his work, he nearly completed the course in two terms. But with him there was no such thing as a *finished* education, as we shall presently see.

For generations his ancestors were Friends, and from childhood he had been instructed in the principles for which they stand. And during all his early years, the years in which the foundation of his character was laid, he was a *regular attender* of meeting and Bible school; and in his father's home and also that of his grandfather, they had their daily family Scripture reading, followed by a period for meditation and prayer.

While he was at Earlham, the Civil War broke out. Friends in the West, as everywhere else, were opposed to all war; but they were also opposed to human slavery. Most of the leaders among them had fled from the South, either they or their parents, where they had freed their own slaves, and had been stung by the hatred and contempt of some slave-holding neighbor. It was therefore a natural sequence that their descendants were strongly imbued with anti-slavery views. Moreover, they believed slavery caused

the war, and that if the slave-holding power could be subdued, then slavery would cease. So quite a number of their zealous sons engaged in the struggle. Cyrus W. Harvey was one of them. He enlisted in the Summer of 1862, before he was nineteen, and remained in service till the close of the war.

In the army, as at play and at school, he was out of the ordinary. He was a total abstainer from all intoxicants. One of his tent-mates, throughout the war writes, "No profanity ever escaped Cyrus's lips, and I never saw him with a card in his hand. He spent several months prosecuting his school studies. Whenever we were in or near a city, he was sure to hunt for the public library and the book stores to see what he could find."

He spent much time in reading, often reading aloud to his most intimate companions, who, we believe, were also members with Friends. And it was the custom of this little group, if in camp, to get together in the evening when some one of them would read aloud a chapter from the Bible, before they separated for the night.

He often told his friends that, while he didn't claim, in those days to be a Christian, he had such faith in his father's religion that every time, before he had to engage in battle, he prayed to his father's God that he might be protected; and that, with but one exception, he received the assurance that his request would be granted. That time he was seriously wounded, a bullet passing through his left leg, breaking one bone.

Several months elapsed, after peace was declared,

before the armies could be officially disbanded. During that time, while the soldiers had nothing to do but wait, a revival meeting was held with C.'s company. In one of those services he made his first public testimony to his faith in Christ, and his determination to follow Him. In speaking of this experience, a few months before his death, he said, "God had spared my life through those awful years, very many of my dear comrades had perished, either on the field or from hardship and exposure. This humbled me. I felt that I owed to God that He had thus preserved."

But he could not feel easy with some of the methods employed in this revival. He said, "Soon after I began to speak in those meetings, the minister, who was not a Friend, began to call on me to testify or to pray. I responded a few times, but very soon discovered that when I did so I felt uneasy, a sort of darkness and distress would come over me, whereas, when I spoke from a consciousness of Divine prompting to the service, I had peace and joy. I was then but a boy scarcely more than twenty-two, and quite inexperienced in such deep matters. But I could not go on in a way which brought condemnation, so, in my distress, I went to the same minister for advice. He could give me no help. I then betook myself more and more to private retirement and prayer. I also opened my feelings to an intimate friend who, to my great comfort, had a like experience. We concluded to go off together to some quiet spot and wait in silence before God, promising each other that we would be faithful to what we believed to be any manifested duty. We

were so wonderfully blessed in that little meeting of but two, that we continued to meet in the same way. Soon the other boys missed us at the revival, and one by one they joined us, till there were none left to meet at the other place."

During all his subsequent years, the memory of those heavenly meetings was a benediction upon his spirit. "Here," said he, "were the most ideal Friends' meetings I ever attended. Here all were pledged to look to God alone for life, light and strength, and to faithfulness to Divine requiring. Here I was so thoroughly convinced of the necessity of inspirational ministry, and a fresh opening for every service, that I was never again in doubt about it. During my more than forty years in the ministry I've tried to be obedient to this heavenly vision. In many, many meetings, some of them even appointed meetings, where I have gone under deep religious concern, and where I knew the audience expected me to preach, I have kept silent and had great peace in it, although I do not remember a time when I could not have talked in meeting."

When mustered out a few weeks later, they went to their Western homes. But the Quaker boys had violated a fundamental principle of Friends. Something must be done to clear the church of this reproach. So they drew up and presented to the meeting a common acknowledgment, with the request that their breach of discipline be overlooked and their right of membership retained, which was done.

A few months after this, Cyrus, having become fearful that he had not done his full duty in the matter,

stood up in his Monthly Meeting and made a clear confession of his wrong-doing, and of his sorrow on account of it, condemning all carnal warfare as being un-Christian. About this time he began to speak in the ministry in his home meeting.

He spent the following Winter in teaching. He said, "I opened school that first morning by Scripture reading, followed by an interval of silence. I broke the silence by offering vocal prayer, a thing very unusual in those days. However, that first step counted. The pupils were surprised and reached. It wasn't long till several of them had vocal exercise after our morning chapter, who in after years, became ministers of the Gospel."

Third Month 21, 1866, he married Anna W. Rush, daughter of Iredell and Elizabeth White Rush, an unusually sweet-spirited, religious girl, whose influence had doubtless helped to preserve his morals all through the war.

They decided to make Southern Kansas their future home, and thither they went the next Spring. Here they began pioneer life with its attendant hardship and privations. But alas, how uncertain are all things pertaining to this world! On the twenty-ninth of Sixth Month, 1867, his beloved wife passed away. Instead of the happy home they were planning for future years, he had to make her "a grave in the West."

This sad experience increased his thoughtfulness about eternal things. He was more frequently engaged in public ministry and prayer. But ere long there was something of a lapse in the exercise of his

gift, a few years of comparative silence. However, in 1872 or '73 the Gospel stream again broke forth through him to the refreshing of many hearts. From this time on, as a brother states, "The development of his gift was very rapid. In addition to education and parental training in the doctrines of the Society of Friends, it pleased the Lord to reveal in him the knowledge of His will in a remarkable degree. This, coupled with a general knowledge of the church and close study of the Scriptures, he soon took his place among the ablest ministers of the Gospel of Christ. His gift in the ministry was recorded in 1875.

On Eighth Month 21, 1869, he married Lavina Jane Carter, daughter of Enoch and Catharine Hodson Carter, who was also a beautiful Christian character, and a true and loyal helpmeet. The responsibilities of their home, including the care of their seven children, often rested on her, while the husband and father was in other fields, laboring in the ministry of the Gospel. She was also a worthy Elder of the meeting, and guarded with tender solicitude the marvelous gift of her husband, sometimes first to see openings for its exercise, and always encouraging him to faithfulness to his Divine Leader. She sought to preserve the best in the instrument, and was therefore willing to point out any weakness she believed ought to be overcome. He often alluded feelingly to her great helpfulness to him in his ministry. On the twenty-seventh of Second Month, 1907, she entered into her eternal rest, thus leaving him to again plod the journey alone.

It was during this lonely period of his life that he

wrote that sweetest and loftiest of all his published works, "The Spiritual Atonement."

Tenth Month 27, 1910, he married Julianna Peele, daughter of John and Elizabeth Parker Peele, a member and minister of this Monthly Meeting, who in the words of his eldest son, "Not only proved herself a faithful and helpful companion in his declining years, but has also won the unlimited love of all his children, because she was so kind and loving to their father."

In the Spring and early Summer of 1911 he made his last extensive visit in the ministry, attending both of the Yearly Meetings of Friends in Philadelphia, and many of their subordinate meetings, also the Yearly Meeting of New York, held on Fifteenth Street, and that of New England, held at Westerly, Rhode Island. He expressed his great peacefulness in the retrospect of this service.

In Second Month, 1913, he and his wife left their home in Wichita, Kansas, and came to North Carolina, settling at Rich Square, where his few remaining years were spent, in membership with us.

Till within a few weeks of his death he was mostly able to attend his meetings, a service in which he was diligent through life, never grudging the time or money,

His gift was that of a teacher. In a little note-book or diary, which he carried in his pocket in his twenty-second year, we find this quotation copied:

> 'I seek all that is to be sought,
> I learn all that is to be taught,
> And beg the rest of heaven."

Those who knew him most intimately knew he tried, in large measure, to carry out the thought thus early fastened on his mind, for from childhood to old age, he was a diligent student and a man of prayer.

When he knew that God purposed to use him as an instrument to point the Way of Life to others, he sought the views of many authors on the great principles of Christianity. His large and valuable library, through almost every volume of which marks of his tracing run, and the many productions of his tongue and pen, all attest to the breadth and depth of a rarely cultured mind.

His library contained not only the works of Fox, Penn, Burroughs, Penington, Barclay and a host of other Friends, both ancient and modern, but also "The Anti-Nicene Fathers," "The Nicene Creed," "Meander's History of the Early Church and Early Planting," "Pressense's Early Years of Christianity," and many other volumes of religious history, including several of the latest publications on Assyriology. As he was a philosopher of the Principles of Christianity, among the writers he most dearly loved, and with whom he was most familiar, may be noted Kant, Watson, Julius Muller, Harris, Sabitier, Cook, Fairbairn, James Martineau, and above all others, the Apostle Paul. St. Paul was his ideal of a preacher and teacher.

As a minister he traveled extensively, attended nearly all the Yearly and many of the subordinate meetings of Friends on the continent, a part of them repeatedly. All branches of Friends shared in his loving concern. A few years before his decease he

made entry in his note-book, "With the last nine years I have attended about fifty meetings of each of the larger bodies of Friends." Indeed, his heart was enlarged in Gospel love toward all men. He held many meetings among non-professors, everywhere preaching and teaching salvation by Jesus Christ.

His first visit to our meeting was in the Summer of 1885. At that time there were very few ministers coming amongst us who emphasized the spiritual side of the Gospel. Cyrus W. Harvey pointed the way by which our spirits might come into actual contact with the Divine Spirit, so as to experience saving virtue to come out of Him and heal us. His teaching upon this point, and also upon the nature and necessity of spiritual worship, was so clear that we were left without excuse.

In his three subsequent visits to us the burden of his concern was to lift up Christ—"the true Light which lighteth every man coming into the world."

As he came to understand the conditions prevailing in Christendom, he clearly saw that outward things have divided and sub-divided the Protestant Church, and shorn her of much strength. And he labored earnestly with tongue and pen to set forth the spiritual nature of The Kingdom of Heaven. He said, "I want to do all I can to rid believers in the New Testament of the outward things," which all are to perish with the using.

With a clearness and power which few have attained he taught the uses of the many types and shadows of the Old covenant; and with equal clearness and power he was enabled to show how they are all fulfilled and

ended in the New. It may be truly said he laid the Gospel axe at the very root of all those perishing legalisms. Sometimes his argument seemed an unsparing weapon, but he always used it to cut out the old and lifeless in order that the new and vital might have room to grow and fruit. Every one of his negations lead to a richer affirmation.

On one occasion, while he was a young man, he was unexpectedly drawn into a debate, on the subject of baptism. A minister of one of the dipping denominations was holding a street meeting, and in his efforts to press home the necessity of water baptism, said there was absolutely no other way to be saved, and challenged any one in the audience to disprove his position by the Bible. Cyrus accepted the challenge and won the debate. He became so intensely interested in the subject that he subsequently held many similar debates with leading ministers of different bodies of immersionists. The outcome of all this was his treatise of about two hundred pages on "Holy Spirit Baptism for Salvation." We believe this is the clearest, concise presentation of Christian Baptism any Friend has yet written.

Other productions of his pen are "A Historic Parallel, or George Fox and Martin Luther as Reformers," "Inward Revelation the Primary Rule," "The Method and Message of Quakerism," "The Resurrection as Taught by Early Friends," "The Message of Quakerism and Its Relation to Modern Thought," "The Reign of the Prince of Peace, or the Bible on Non-resistance and War," and "Toleration and John's Baptism."

Besides these he was eleven years editor and some of

the time publisher of a periodical known as *The Western Friend.*

Concerning the origin of this periodical, he said, "One afternoon, as I was walking alone through my orchard, meditating on conditions prevailing among Conservative Friends' meetings, none of them in correspondence, each small group struggling along, trying to stand alone; my spirit was clothed with sadness. The query presented itself, 'What can I do to better the situation? How can I be an instrument in drawing these scattered tribes closer together'? I then heard a voice within, saying, 'Follow me and I will make thee a shepherd to gather them.' Almost immediately the thought, which I took to be a Divine suggestion, was presented to start *The Western Friend*, which I did. And when all our Yearly Meetings were connected by the epistolary chain, I felt that the mission of the paper was fulfilled, and it was dropped."

We believe this narrative will be incomplete without recording a few of the many remarkable incidents of his checkered pilgrimage.

In the summer of 1876, Kansas was visited by a terrible scourge of grasshoppers. They ate almost every green thing. Cyrus was then in the nursery business. While there was no crop to harvest that Fall, much of his nursery stock was not destroyed. But who could afford to buy? He was brought into extreme financial straits. "One day," he said, "I couldn't see what we were to do even for to-morrow and there were many to-morrows ahead. In my distress, I went away where I could be alone, and poured out

my soul in prayer to Him to whom 'every beast of the forest and the cattle upon a thousand hills belong.' And ere I arose from my knees, I received the assurance that help would be vouchsafed. That very day a man rode up to my home, bought a nice lot of trees and paid the cash for them. So we were bridged over the worst place."

On one occasion, when he had nearly completed a religious visit to Friends in New England, being anxious to get home, he put aside a gentle whisper of detention and started. But as he journeyed the uneasy feeling increased till he said, "Every time I got still I heard a voice say, 'Go back to New Bedford and hold a meeting to the Southwest.' I had learned obedience from the things I had suffered in the past, so returned. The meeting was held. During the opening silence three people arose in different parts of the company and said, 'I've been praying three weeks that Cyrus Harvey might hold a meeting here.'"

"After I had ministered in a rather remarkable way, a man arose and spoke in the ministry, and concluded by saying he embraced that opportunity to inform the audience that from that time on he would affiliate with our branch of Friends. He soon became a minister of the Gospel, and has traveled extensively in the service of Truth."

Again Cyrus was on a religious visit, this time in Canada, and was ministering under a clear opening. The opening suddenly closed. He sat down. Almost immediately a young woman in the body of the meeting, who was unaccustomed to preaching, arose and delivered a powerful testimony. When she had finish-

ed, he was led to take up the subject where it had closed and to present it with great clearness. The meeting ended under an unusual covering of Divine Presence. The young woman who spoke, shortly became a minister of the Gospel, and continues to exercise her gift, with the unity and approval of Friends.

For several years he had been impressed, at intervals, that he ought to attend in Gospel love several of the Eastern Yearly, and most of their subordinate meetings, but had put it off, hoping to be better financially prepared. As time passed the call became more and more urgent, till finally the message was, "Go and leave thy all in my hands." He said, "I was brought into a great mental struggle. I still hadn't sufficient means, and my family needed what I had. At length, one morning, when it seemed the decision must be made, I kept my bed, had no inclination to go about my usual duties, or to converse with any one. My family became uneasy, and without my knowledge, the doctor was called, and the house kept very quiet. When the doctor arrived I was still in bed and alone in the room. He had been my family physician more than twenty years, and was not only a very dear friend of mine, but also of my wife and children. When he entered my room he shut the door behind him, thus shutting the rest of the family out. After the usual greeting, he looked at me sometime without a word, but we were both shedding tears. He finally broke the silence by saying, 'You are not sick. The Lord is training you for His service. He told me so as I was driving across Spring River, and I'm not going to give you any medicine.'"

"After encouraging me to bear, with patience, whatever chastenings the dear Lord meted out to me, and to attend to that which I saw to be my duty, he left. Nor would he ever receive any compensation for that visit, although I had been benefitted by it more than he knew. When I offered to pay him, he said he was under a higher commission and couldn't take money for it."

"Our Monthly Meeting was at hand. I told my dear wife it seemed best to ask for a Minute for that Eastern visit. With her approval, I laid my burden on the meeting, and it gave me a letter of unity and encouragement."

He left a full account of this service, in which he recorded many remarkable outpourings of Divine love and power, particularly in his labors among young people, also his great peace when the work was accomplished.

It may have been in the course of this visit that the following incident occurred.

He was in attendance at a meeting in New Jersey, entirely silent through the meeting hour. The Friend who sat next to him offered his hand to close the service, but Cyrus withheld his. About that time a woman entered, and took her seat well up toward the minister's gallery. Almost immediately Cyrus began to speak, addressing some individual in the audience. The tardy woman had been detained just an hour because of a bridge having been washed away by recent rains. The whole circumstance, the coming of the messenger from so far, his faithfulness in holding the meeting

over time, evidently on her account, together with the remarkable message, so impressed her that she became thereafter an humble follower of Him, whose special care over her had been thus signally manifested.

Many similar incidents might be added, but we believe the foregoing sufficient to show that he found the great doctrine of Divine Guidance, the doctrine upon which he loved to dwell, true in his own experience.

In the last meeting he attended, which was about six weeks prior to his decease, he spoke beautifully from 1 Cor. i : 2, clearly teaching that the baptism here spoken of "unto Moses"—the Divinely appointed leader—"in the cloud and in the sea"—typifying the Divine Presence and the surrendering of their lives to His government—changed their conditions from bondage to freedom. "On one side the sea," said he, "they were slaves, on the other side they were free men, all because of their obedience to their leader. This was a baptism in which no water touched them."

His health had been slowly failing several years, and in the Winter and early Spring of 1916 it rapidly declined. He told some of his most intimate friends that his work on earth was done and that he wanted to die. On the thirty-first of Third Month he went to Malvern, Penna., for medical treatment. And there, in the home of his children, John V. and Louella H. Nolan, on the twenty-sixth day of Fourth Month, 1916, his spirit quitted the suffering body, we confidently believe, to join the innumerable company who have come out of great tribulation, washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

His remains were laid to rest beneath the shade of a beautiful larch, in Friends' burying ground, at Goshen, near Malvern, Penna.

As we grasp, in some measure, the magnitude of his labors, the thousands and tens of thousands who have been reached by his tongue or his pen—it is impossible to estimate the value of his influence.

"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to rightness as the stars for ever and ever."

MEMORIAL

OF

JULIANNA P. HARVEY

PHILADELPHIA:
FRIENDS' BOOK STORE, No. 304 ARCH STREET
1919.

Wm. H. Pile's Sons, Printers.

MEMORIAL.

A Memorial Concerning Julianna Peele Harvey, a Minister, Deceased. Prepared by Rich Square Monthly Meeting of Friends.

We are prompted to pen these lines, as a token of our sincere appreciation of our dear sister, and in an effort to magnify the Grace of God, which in its operation on her responsive heart, made her a bright and shining light; also with desires to uphold before the world this glorious light, whose lingering rays continue to fall about us.

Julianna Peele Harvey, daughter of John and Elizabeth Parker Peele, was born near Rich Square, Northampton County, North Carolina, Tenth Month 20, 1850. Her parents were prominent members of Rich Square Monthly Meeting of Friends. Her father, of English ancestry, was an excellent Elder and disciplinarian—a man of rare executive ability, whose counsel was frequenely sought as regards the affairs of both Church and State. Her mother, too, a highly talented person, was a worthy Elder and Overseer, whose clear and sound judgment had much weight in Church affairs.

From infancy, Julianna was carefully trained and tenderly shielded from much of the harmful influences common to man, by her consistent and faithful parents.

Their home, in which pervaded a splendid type of genuine Southern hospitality, was nestled among the

trees of a lovely spot situated on a portion of the large tract of land once owned by her great-grandfather, who, like many of the early settlers, was a large land and slave-holder.

The Friends of Rich Square beginning to feel slavery to be an evil, set to work to free those belonging to themselves. Many were transferred to Trustees who were appointed by the Monthly Meeting to receive such, who in turn, conveyed them to some free State or to Liberia. In like manner *Julianna's* ancestors dealt with theirs, feeling great peace of mind, regardless of the sacrifice and the scornful reproach brought upon themselves from those of *opposing* opinion.

Julianna was of a sunny disposition and from childhood she began to show signs of serious thoughtfulness. She delighted in the perusal of the Holy Scriptures and other religious literature; being very fond of poetry, and, later in life, came to be a great admirer of the poet Whittier.

In after life, when referring to her childhood experiences, she once told a friend that: "On one occasion, so great was the impression to me that if faithfulness on my part was abode in I should have to proclaim the Everlasting Gospel that I fell upon my knees and began to weep and pray."

As was the fate with many of her day and generation, the blighting effects of the Civil War unfortunately rendered her educational advantages meagre as compared with those of to-day; her scholastic days ending at Belvidere Academy. Here she proved to be a bright, interesting pulpil, readily winning the love and respect

of both teacher and schoolmates. Says one of the latter: "We were class-mates and rivals in mathematics. Recognition of *her* keen bright mind in this branch was the cause of many hours of arduous study, on *my* part, that might have been otherwise more pleasantly, but less profitably, enjoyed."

Notwithstanding this great privation (which through life, she viewed with regret), being the possessor of an exceptionally bright intellect, and a strong, active mind, ever on the alert to satisfy her thirst for knowledge, she acquired *much* of the fundamentals of a finished education.

Throughout life she kept fairly well abreast with the topics of the day, and could converse fluently upon almost any subject of vital importance, whether social, political, educational or religious; the latter subject claiming the greater portion of her thought as she advanced in years. She was much used in the Church and community, serving on many important committees; sometimes almost beyond her physical strength, so great was her zeal for the uplift of humanity.

Julianna was a teacher for about twenty years, and became deeply interested in her work; inspiring her pupils with *aspirations* for that which is noble and pure in life, as well as with *a thirst* for knowledge. Many of these rise up to-day and call her "blessed." Says one: "She was the best woman I ever knew. She was true in every respect." Another: "She was such a benefactor to me, while in school as well as at other times, always ready to hand forth a cheery word."

One who taught by her side says of her: "She was so sympathetic and helpful; I am conscious that my life has been better by having thus associated with her."

Julianna was an ardent lover of Nature, and with her keen appreciation of the charming beauties thereof, she readily saw the Divine imaged in both the little things and those of greater magnitude, as:

In the sparkling dewdrop upon the waving grass,
And the fleecy cloud, as it swiftly goes past
On its errand of mercy, refreshing the earth,
And the dear little bird with its song of mirth;
In the mighty forest, with its solitude,
And the rippling brook by the side of the road;
And the starry heavens—the home of Orion,
Where dwelleth the Pleiades with equal sublime;
In the stray little sunbeam dancing about,
Making bright the gloomy, chasing darkness out;
In the lofty mountain, with its snow-capped crest,
And the modest little flower adorning its breast.

So great was her capacity for observation and appreciation that, as a cousin and girlhood associate says of her, "She lived *years* which are not numbered."

She was a life-long member of the Society of Friends, and by yielding to the Divine visitations she was enabled to make the tenet of her religious training her *own* by convincement. These convictions broadened and strengthened as she grew older, and she developed into a valiant member of the Church, a bright and shining light.

Although being convinced that the religious doctrines and principles of Friends were those with which *she*

could unite, she ever highly respected those of other branches of the Church. She realized mere *nominal* forces were of no effect, and that *only* the regenerating power of Christ, our once crucified and now risen Lord and Master, can make anyone a true member of the "Church Triumphant."

She was punctual in the attendance of all her meetings, where she sat as did Mary of old, at the feet of the dear Master, learning of Him. She occupied the station of Elder for many years, and since early life, until about two years prior to her death, she served as Clerk for some one of her meetings; having served in this capacity all the various stations of "clerkship" throughout the Yearly Meeting. In this particular she was highly gifted.

Her frequent appearance in public testimony prompted Friends to acknowledge her as a minister in Eleventh Month, 1909. She gradually deepened and broadened in her exercises, her communications being invariably accompanied by much tenderness of spirit, well seasoned with Divine unction and beautifully clothed in pure simple language which appealed to the children as well as the more advanced in years. In a special manner she sought for and embraced opportunities to admonish and encourage those in the younger walks of life. To these she was truly a "Mother in Israel."

On Tenth Month 27, 1910, she was happily married to Cyrus W. Harvey, a valued minister of Kansas Yearly Meeting of Friends.

After having made their home in Wichita, Kansas, for about three years, they returned to North Caro-

lina, by way of Kemah, Texas, where they visited some of his children. Soon after their return they settled in a cozy little cottage at Rich Square, North Carolina, near Friends' Meeting-house. Here they spent the remaining three years of their union; adding much to the interest and life of the little meeting to which both were warmly attached.

Her ministerial labors were mostly confined within the borders of her own Yearly Meeting, although she accompanied her husband to Philadelphia Yearly Meeting; and at another time they attended New England Yearly Meeting, held at Westerly, Rhode Island. They also attended New York Yearly Meeting of the Hicksite Body, where he had long felt drawn to labor, and where they were cordially received.

Julianna's charming personalities and warm congenial spirit, together with the advantages of considerable travel, added to her treasures a long list of worthy Friends with whom she delighted to mingle. Herein are quoted only a few of the appreciative expressions handed forth by some of these: "She was truly a sweet and beautiful character, and a useful and concerned Friend." "She was as pure and good a woman as ever I knew." "How we will miss Julianna at Yearly Meeting time. We depended so much on her judgment. I hope we will profit by her life of devotion to her Father in Heaven." "Her life seemed to be a benediction to all who knew her." "I loved Julianna, I thought of her as one who sat daily at the dear Master's feet and walked in obedience to His will; she had such a sweet, quiet way, and ever an Unseen Power was with her."

Her nieces and nephews said of her: "Her very walk among us has been soul-inspiring, and an incentive to greater efforts to reach forth for the possessions of the Higher Life."

Julianna was a true helpmate for her husband during his declining days, ever ready to enter into his trials and discouragements, much to his comfort. Her gentle, motherly affections readily won for her the love and esteem of all her step-children, who have in many ways beautifully expressed their appreciation of her. The following are a few of the unsolicited expressions from these: "We loved her very much." "She has done a mother's part by us." "We know she will reap the reward of the righteous." "It is sad to have her taken away from us." "Her presence and communications were always so refreshing."

Her husband's health having rapidly failed during the fall and winter of 1915-16, the following Spring she accompanied him to his daughter's, at Malvern, Pennsylvania, hoping the change might prove beneficial, but the nature of his disease refusing to yield to any manner of treatment, he passed away within about three weeks' time.

His illness and death, together with the breaking up of their comfortable little home, was a heavy stroke upon her, from the effects of which she never fully rallied. Into the home of her brother-in-law, Thomas C. Peele, where she had very pleasantly made her home for about twenty-five years prior to her marriage, she was again gladly received; and here she spent the remainder of her days. Despite medical aid and the lov-

ing attention of kind relatives and friends, she gradually declined. Owing to the peculiarities of the disease, (much in the cross of her), she was unable to converse with her friends. Once, in a broken manner, she remarked to her kind and attentive nurse; "To me it is a sweet thought, I can talk to Jesus without the use of words."

It was indeed most pathetic and lovely to behold the sweet patience with which she bore her afflictions. She was so kind and gentle, so unselfish and appreciative. Many times near the close, when it was thought she had passed all consciousness, after some little attention received, fell from her lips her gentle, "Thank thee," or a tender and affectionate stroke of her hand. Truly, it was inspiring to be about her bedside; often times her face, losing all trace of pain, would light up with the sweetest of smiles—so innocent and childlike —as she, pointing upward, and in an effort to speak, appeared to be beholding beautiful things about her. One could but feel that the Angels were very near.

On the morning of Ninth Month 10, 1917, her purified spirit quit its tenement of clay, we most sincerely believe, to enter, through Divine mercy, the heavenly courts of the New Jerusalem, "whose walls are salvation and gates are praise," and which place she saw in a dream or vision a few weeks prior to her death—after having earnestly prayed for relief by death. It appeared to her all aglow with a silvery brightness, and inhabited by a vast throng of happy ones, among whom she readily recognized her dear departed husband. Being very desirous to enter, she eagerly advanced

towards the door, which as she neared it, was closed against her, and upon it appeared, in snowy whiteness, these words, "Not yet."

Although we have dwelt almost exclusively upon the *meritorious* qualities of our dear sister, we realize it was with *her* as with *Saul* of Tarsus, who, *too*, was a possessor of worthy talents which, like hers, in their *natural* state, proved only *detrimental* to the upbuilding of the Church of God.

Only as these talents were put into proper use, and the owners thereof made willing to surrender themselves into the hands of the Great Refiner and Purifyer, did they become truly bright and shining lights, which will shine as the stars forever and ever.

She with Paul (as Saul, after his conversion, was known), could truthfully say: "By the Grace of God I am what I am."

MEMORIAL

OF

HENRY T. OUTLAND, Sr

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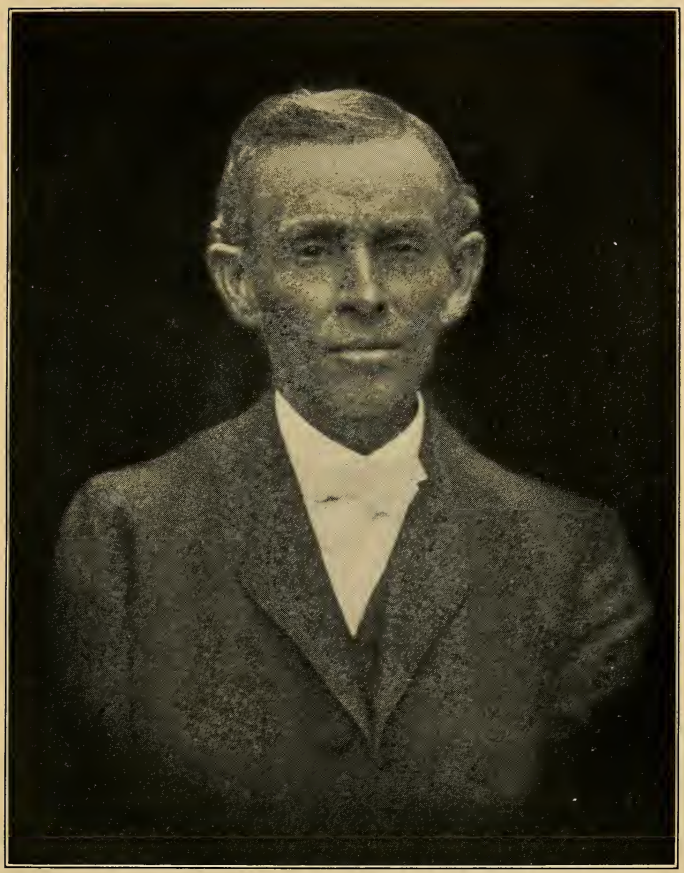

MEMORIAL.

A Tribute to the Memory of Henry T. Outland, Sr., a Minister, Deceased. Issued by Rich Square Monthly Meeting.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth glad tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth."

In endeavoring to preserve some account of our deceased brother, Henry T. Outland, Sr., we have felt the above quotation from Isaiah (52-7) to be a fitting application and introduction to his life work as an anointed servant and beloved Minister in the Society of Friends.

And while we realize that he has been called from works to an everlasting reward, and are assured that the church militant has been bereft of one of its most faithful standard-bearers and pillars therein, yet we wish to express in the beginning a desire not to exalt the creature, nor give honor more than is due, but rather to magnify the Power and Grace which made him what he was; commending to generations yet to follow his many Christian traits of character, some of which were: his purity of life and conversation, his love and dedication to the pure and unchanged Truth, and, above all, his unwavering labor to defend a cause so precious, from the many deviations of our day. We de-

sire also that this tribute to his memory may be so blessed with the seal of Divine approbation, that it may carry home to many hearts the conviction, "he being dead, yet speaketh."

Henry T. Outland, Sr., was the second of the six children of William C. and Martha Copeland Outland, and was born near Rich Square, North Carolina, Second Month 21, 1846. He was a descendant of the Outlands, Copelands and Peeles, who settled near Rich Square and assisted in establishing Friends' Meetings there in 1760.

With the exception of about two years of his life, which, while in young manhood, he spent with an uncle in Indiana, he ever made that section his home.

His means of education, as compared with the advantages at the time of his death, were limited; but being of a studious disposition, he embraced every opportunity for learning, especially as regards the study of the Holy Scriptures, a copy of which he always kept handy. It was said of him during rest periods, or while his plough-horse rested in the shade, or his father's pigs were being minded as they ate their morning and evening meals, he was scanning its precious pages. Through diligent search and prayerful perusal of this Sacred Book, during his childhood days, he, later in life, won for himself the honor of being one of our most noted Scriptorians; having been compared to Timothy of old, who, from a child, had known the Holy Scriptures.

As a boy Henry was not entirely unlike others in having a fondness for youthful pleasures and sports,

yet at times, when quite young, showed signs of deep, serious thoughtfulness in a very marked degree, manifesting an inclination to give heed to the promptings of that Voice within, the effects of which were often pointed out to him by godly parents, whose watchful care over him he held in grateful remembrance through life. He often referred to their timely instructions with much humility, esteeming them among the many blessings a kind Providence had bestowed upon him, believing, as he did, the seed sown under their judicious care and counsel tended greatly to imbue his mind with a sense of the great need of living in the fear of the Lord, to all earthly enjoyments and pleasures.

Therefore acquainting himself with God, his Creator, in his youth, and yielding in obedience to the Divine call, he experienced a change of heart, the New Birth, and was readily converted into a "mouthpiece" for his Lord and Master, whom he now loved and longed to serve.

The wording of the text of his first sermon, "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the noon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?" (Song of Solomon: 6-10), doubtless served as an index to his conception of the Church as shown throughout his useful career.

Notwithstanding the *religious* experience of his youth was beyond the *average*, yet there were times, as is often the case with those who are chosen of the Lord as pillars in the Church, when he was allowed to plunge into the dark sea of doubt and unbelief as regards the future state of mankind; during one of these

periods, as given from his own lips, "For three days the Bible, the book I loved so well, I did not open." But happily from this deplorable condition he was soon led into the glorious Light of the Sun of Righteousness. Later in life, when writing to a friend, he referred to this same circumstance, quoting the following: "Thanks be unto the Lord, there is hope of a tree if it be cut down that it may sprout again."

His faith and trust in a Divinely-ordered petition were proven by his own experiences, one or two of which appear profitable to insert herein.

When Henry was about thirteen years of age, during the Civil War, the President of the Southern Confederacy issued a call for two hundred thousand men to be raised by draft. At that time his father was about thirty-five years of age and subject to draft. He had a family of little children, and he and his wife were in great distress at the probability of his being drawn and the mother being left to provide and care for the family. Henry said, one day while in the field ploughing, he was suddenly arrested by a voice within (which he said was the Holy Spirit) telling him if he got down where he was and prayed to God not to have his father taken to the War, his prayer would be answered and his father's name would not be drawn from the wheel. In obedience thereto he knelt and prayed, and while kneeling he was told that his prayer had been heard and his father would not be taken. He arose from his knees, went to the house, told his mother what had occurred, and the promise that his father would not have to go. The draft took place in a few days and his

father's name was not drawn. There were several drafts afterwards, but he was not taken. A year or two later Henry and his father were at Jackson, the county-seat, on business. A number of men were standing in front of the steps leading up to the Court House, among whom were some of the State Officials, who had been Provost Marshal of the district in which they lived during the war. Henry said while his father went up the steps to the Court House, he heard one of the officers say: "There is Quaker Outland, and there is something about him I never could understand. During the war I put his name in the draft wheel five times, and yet it was never drawn." Henry, in relating this circumstance to a friend, said: "I knew the reason; yes, my dear brother, God is a God hearing and answering prayer."

Again, another very striking circumstance occurred during his sojourn in the Western lands. It was said at one time, while Henry was putting up the horses at his uncle Jesse Bundy's, he was impressed to go up town somewhere and pray; the impression was so powerful he hurried, and started in a run, then the thought came, he did not know *where*, but was sensible a *door* would be opened, which was true. He went in where a sick man lay, knelt down and prayed, came away, and never could tell afterwards where, or who, it was, but that a woman came and stood in the doorway.

Such were some of the experiences peculiar to the childhood days of one who knew the voice of the Good Shepherd, and who willingly obeyed. By thus being faithful in what might be termed *smaller* duties, he

was later qualified for *greater* service in the Master's Vineyard.

At the age of twenty-six years he was recorded a Minister by Rich Square Monthly Meeting of the Society of Friends, where he had held his membership from birth. Through life he ever remained a loyal and highly esteemed Minister in this branch of the Church.

On the thirteenth day of Tenth Month, 1870, he was married to Abigail P. Jennett, of Wayne County, North Carolina, who ever proved to be a willing helpmeet, and upon her shoulders rested much of the responsibility of the household. To this union were born seven children, one of whom died in early childhood. Henry, in after years, was much away from his family in performing what he felt required of him by his Master, yet he always proved to be a kind and affectionate husband and father, frequently being heard to say, of all the rich country and stores of wealth with which he had repeatedly come in contact, to him there was no place so dear as his own home, where dwelt those he loved so much.

In the exercise of his gift, he traveled quite extensively, having three times visited the Dominion of Canada, and crossed the Chesapeake Bay nearly one hundred times. Into whatever field of Gospel service he entered for his Lord and Master, his friends at home were assured of his warm reception, not only by *voices* which followed him *back*, through letters to his meeting, but also through the medium of *private* information.

Whenever apprehended duty called him away, and ample means were lacking, his faith failed not, believing, that He who called him to labor in His Vineyard, would also make provision for the journey. Only one of the many instances to illustrate this, we give herein: Once while on his way to the train, Henry was asked by his son if he had his pocketbook which upon examination he found missing. Naturally the son insisted they return home; but after a few moments' meditation, and doubtless prayer, he (the father) declared: "I must go on." Soon they met a man, who hailing them said: "Mr. Outland, I awoke early this morning feeling you were in need of money, and remembering I owed you a sum, I told my wife I was going to take it to you; so here it is." Consequently he accomplished his journey.

He was strongly attached to the Doctrines and Principles of the Society to which he belonged, as promulgated by early Friends. Even amid deep provings when it seemed his foundation would be shaken, he stood firmly for the testimonies he loved so well. And while true to his *own* convictions, he manifested no spirit of criticism for those of *different* opinion, but was charitable toward all, cheerfully accepting the Scripture declaration: "And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear My voice; and there shall be one fold and one shepherd." (John x: 16.)

In attendance of meetings he was ever faithful so long as physical ability was given, and even after the hand of affliction was laid upon him, and his bodily

strength had failed, his interest in and desire for the spiritual growth and progress of the Church was so great that he continued to persevere, and was found in his accustomed place in meeting till within a few weeks of his close.

His attitude of reverential dignity on entering any place for Divine worship was greatly to be admired. When exercised in vocal service, whether in prayer or praise, his very being appeared clothed in an atmosphere of Christian gravity and simplicity; his petitions being strikingly marked by profound reverence and deep contrition of spirit, ever well seasoned with grace. One among his most pathetic testimonies was borne at the closing session of the last Yearly Meeting he attended at Cedar Grove, when, in a penitent manner, feeling he was in some degree still subject to misgivings, he arose, almost too feeble to stand, and said in an extremely touching manner: "I do not claim to be a prophet, neither the son of a prophet, but I feel to say this is the last time I will be permitted to meet with you, my dear Friends, in a Yearly Meeting capacity. I have nothing but love in my heart for any one, and do most sincerely desire the forgiveness of any and all whose feelings I may have, in any wise, wronged or wounded." In affectionate language he then dwelt on "love" and "forgiveness." Soon after these remarks he knelt and supplicated in an exceedingly tender manner, again dwelling much on the aforesaid subjects of love and forgiveness. Throughout, it appeared to be a farewell prayer. A solemn covering spread over the meeting, and long after it had *formally* closed, the

people remained seated; in the meantime two young men testified, as to their feelings, that some one present would soon receive his "final call."

A Friend, who had accompanied our dear brother on many of his religious visits from North to South, and from East to West, in referring to them, said: "The near love and unity which had been with us from the *beginning* of our various travels in the love of the Gospel was with us to the *last*, and our correspondence, of several years, I prize."

Another of his contemporaries in writing to a friend, says of him, "Henry lived so near his Master, he seemed better able than most of us to keep best things uppermost in his heart."

And still another testimony from one in near unity is embraced in the following: "By his humility and faithfulness to known duty, he endeared himself to all classes. We can truly say a great man has fallen, made great by the sanctifying and regenerating power of the Holy Spirit."

Again, to show forth the confidence and true devotion of a daughter-in-law, from her pen we quote the following lines:

> " Father was so kind and gentle,
> So very meek and mild;
> He reminded one of the Saviour,
> Or an innocent little child."

His last sickness was of a gradual decline of several months, during which time, says his grief-stricken companion, "Even amid suffering he ever seemed

clothed in a spirit of Heavenly sweetness." She related a touching circumstance, which only a few weeks previous to his departure, occurred in their own home, showing forth his *continued* love and devotion to his family, as well as again proving his faithful *obedience* to the Divine call. She said, in substance, "On the morning when their eldest son, who had been with them for several days, was about to take leave for his Northern home, after they had partaken of their morning meal, the father doubtless sensible it would be their last opportunity together this side the River of death, tenderly repeated the twenty-third Psalm, after which he knelt in supplication, and prayed earnestly for the preservation of each member of the family in such pathetic language that none could doubt his constant dwelling in the secret place of the Most High, thereby abiding under the shadow of the Almighty. One who visited him two days prior to his death said of him, in part: "It was a very great satisfaction to be with him. While in his presence, it seemed we were with one who had 'overcome' and was just waiting to be translated from this vale of tears to that Place promised to the ransomed and redeemed."

At one time he said, "Last night, after retiring, I felt so very low down I hardly knew what to do, and these words, 'Cast all thy cares upon Him,' came to me; which I was enabled to do, and immediately I felt great strength."

The world-wide war, which was raging, played heavily upon his sympathies, never being able to reconcile the spirit of war with the meek and lowly Saviour, who

declared while upon earth, "The Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them," (Luke ix: 56). Again, "My Kingdom is not of this world, if my Kingdom were of this world then would my servants fight," (John xviii: 36). He firmly believed the sword of which Christ speaks, in Matthew x: 34, was none other than a spiritual weapon.

Henry, whenever speaking in any manner of His Gospel labors, took no honor to himself, always exclaiming, "How poor, unprofitable and unworthy I am." He desired to give all honor unto God to whom he thought it due; for although he had attained unto much, as regards the Holy Scriptures and the deep things of God, yet he felt at the closing of his career he had nothing to boast of; saying also, "If I have done any good thing during my life it has been by the operation of His power, His grace, and His gift within me; To Him be all the praise."

He held a very tender spot in the hearts of the young people of his meeting, and from this class as a tribute to his memory we quote the following lines:

" We miss thee in the Church, dear,
We miss thee in the home;
In distant lands, far East and West,
Where oft thou didst roam.

" We miss thy message for the Truth,
The cause for which thou stood;
In toiling for the Master
As best a servant could.

" O, who will take the mantle
Of such a worthy one,
And carry on the labor
Which Henry hath begun?

" Behold the fields are whiter
Perhaps than e'er before;
Go forth, ye valiant workers,
Since Heaven calls for more.

" We know that thou art happy,
Forever safe at rest;
Free from all pain and sorrow,
Among the Angels blest.

" Still we but wonder sadly
Why such as these are taken,
Yet, 'tis the hand of Mercy,
And we are not forsaken.

" Our cries go up to Heaven
For patience to endure;
That we may make our calling
And our election sure."

As in life, so in death, that same strong arm of Power, which had evidently been his constant support through life, did not desert him in the hour of death, but was near to comfort and sustain. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." (Psalms xxiii : 4).

On the last night of his life, after having lain down, which he had not been able to do for many hours before, his daughter says of him, "He looked so peaceful

and closed his eyes and said: 'I commit myself and my dear family to the keeping of the Lord.'

"He soon fell asleep and rested well for a few hours." She also stated he had repeatedly told he felt his day's work was nearly done, hardly thought he would live to see the closing of the year. At various times, he expressed himself as being resigned to the Lord's will, was only awaiting his call.

The lesson which the example of our dear brother seemed pre-eminently to have taught, was that of "*obedience* keeping pace with *knowledge*." First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear.

On the last day of his life, he fully realized that his end was near, making such a statement to his dear companion as she entered his room bearing his morning meal, of which he failed to partake. But always having a welcome for his many friends, some of whom came in later, he conversed with them freely till within a few minutes of the close, when suddenly he was seized with a violent attack which proved to be the end.

He passed peacefully away on the twenty-eighth day of the Twelfth Month, 1917, aged seventy-one years, ten months and seven days. A Minister forty-six years.

His devoted daughter in referring to the last moments of her father, said: "As I watched him pass out of time into eternity the feeling of my heart was, 'Like a shock of corn fully ripe,'" and to this we would add our testimony in the belief that his purified spirit is now an inhabitant of one of those mansions prepared for the redeemed of all generations.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth; Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." (Rev. xiv: 13).